



# Wasp Boy



horror

wasps

insects

254 9 14

## Chapter 1 by Queerio Cheerio

Wasp boy stings me in the stomach:

Spiders gnaw on my toes.

Moths shadow my eyes - their larvae bury into my pupils.

Flies swarm to me like I'm their Queen;

His impregnation was my coronation.

He made me Nature itself.

Maggots come pouring out of my mouth  
as if I have something to say.

## Chapter 2 by Erika A



A God of sorts,

For everything that is vile.

The crude reality of nature,

where death and disparity lingers-

rejoices at the tip of his fingers.

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A hellish man of sorts,

Who murders for lustful r

keep a biome of insects-

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Wasps  
Moths  
Spiders  
and Flies  
To watch day-to-day

I lay rotting upon his bed.  
Left unpaid for  
But left in more ways enriched.

The maggots cleanse my soul,  
the spiders spin their truths,  
And the wasps impregnates me  
with remedies  
And again,  
I am born.

#### Chapter 4 by Queen of Words



The explosion rocks the world,  
Insects,  
Arachnids,  
Burst out of every corner

Awaiting  
My call  
They will kill anyone  
Who stands in my way

Streets are overrun,  
Chaos runs the Universe

And I laugh  
For I am free!

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Of  
The  
Bugs

### Chapter 5 by KatMagic



Mere dots scream in agony  
As my offspring swarm over them  
Ears  
Mouths  
Noses  
Eyes  
Insects swarm into each  
Turning all the dots into nothing  
All of the world starts to decay  
Under my strangling grasp  
Even the quietest of trees scream for mercy  
Even the loudest of oceans fall into silence  
Even the prettiest of flowers die and turn to dust  
The world is mine  
And always be

### Chapter 6 by KatMagic



Whatever wishes to evade  
My Sight  
They explode in an orchestra of gore  
The dots scattered around me try to flee  
Screaming, begging,  
for their pitiful existence  
Swarms of insects surround

confuse

kill

the dots

Nothing seems to live any

The dots are dead

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The green is gone  
And  
The world is decaying

### Chapter 7 by Alexandria-Florizel Frias



Yet I still live  
The world of trash  
I hated this yet why do I keep living?  
All I see was screams and sadness  
I don't care anymore...  
I have gotten used to it  
Foolish who I was, as I thought to be the king  
Forgotten about the others and I am still a small bug  
It looks like I'm not the king for those who thought they fear  
So...

What was my purpose to be here?

### Chapter 8 by Shasta



My purpose is  
to show the others  
that a commoner  
can be a king

that the crown  
is not determined  
by blood, nor line,  
nor marriage;  
but heart

My purpose is  
to  
live,  
even with

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my dying  
breath

the end

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